image
4
DIGITAL EDITION
SPAWN
THE DARK AGES
COVER: Liam McCormack-Sharp

Todd McFarlane & Image Comics Presents

Death and Glory

Dedicated to Len Wein

STORY
Brian Holguin

ART
Liam McCormack-Sharp

COVER
Liam McCormack-Sharp

LETTERING
Richard Starkings
and Comicraft's
Oscar Gongora

COLOR
Brian Haberlin
Dan Kemp
Josh Myers

SPAWN created by Todd McFarlane

SPAWN DARK AGES 3 SUMMARY:

In mourning for his wife, Baron Rivalen places his barony in the cruel hands of DuBlanc and the peasants are forced to endure worse atrocities than ever before. Meanwhile, the HellSpawn escapes captivity and torture of the three witch sisters by teleporting himself. As he regains consciousness, he becomes aware of who he was and what his new mission is. He must rally the peasants into a revolt against DuBlanc to secure their freedom from his cruel control. Cog urges him to abandon that mission and begin training with him instead.

SPAWN: The Dark Ages #4 June, 1999. Digital Edition. June 2013. Published by IMAGE COMICS, 2001 Center Street, Berkeley, CA 94704.

Spawn, its logo and its symbol are registered trademarks © 2013 Todd McFarlane Productions, Inc. The characters Angela, Bontina, Tiffany and all other Heaven's Warrior Angel characters are ™ and © 1993-1996 and 2000 Neil Gaiman. All rights reserved. All other characters are ™ and © 2013 Todd McFarlane Productions, Inc. All rights reserved. The characters, events and stories in this publication are entirely fictional. With exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Todd McFarlane Productions, Inc.

SPAWN® THE DARK AGES

Image®

TODD MCFARLANE PRODUCTIONS

www.mcfarlane.com

On a crimson field beneath a granite sky, two armies met...
Two seas of men, sword and shield raised, crashing like waves into one another...
Two armies met, as the *Fates* looked on.

FOR BLOOD AND HONOR AND FREEDOM THEY FOUGHT.
FOR HOPE. FOR GLORY. FOR DELIVERANCE.
FATHER AND SON, SIDE BY SIDE, BOUND EACH TO EACH BY SEAL OF BLOOD. AND EACH SIDE, SOME WOULD SAY, LED BY THE DEVIL HIMSELF.

LORD COVENANT, BARON OF RHYLL, HAD RETURNED FROM THE POPE'S WAR A MAN REBORN.
REFORGED, BONE BY BONE, IN THE FIRES OF HELL, SPAT OUT UPON THIS EARTH, A GHASTLY SPECTER OF HIMSELF.
HE WAS NOW HELLSPAWN
BUT SOMEWHERE, THE KINDLING OF HUMANITY STILL BURNED INSIDE HIM.
HE HAD RETURNED TO HIS HOME TO FIND IT UNDER THE THRALL OF BARON RIVALEN, ONCE HIS TRUSTED FRIEND AND BROTHER BY MARRIAGE.
THE GOOD MEN OF RHYLL HAD HAD THEIR FORTUNES BLED DRY BY RIVALEN, CAST INTO MISERY THROUGH TAX AND TORTURE.
WHEN LORD COVENANT CAME HOME, THEY REBELLED. AND SO RIVALEN MET THEM ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.
RIVALEN'S OWN DARK CHAMPION, DUBLANC, THE GREAT HORNED BEAST OF RIVALEN'S ARMY, SWAGGERED ONTO THE FIELD.

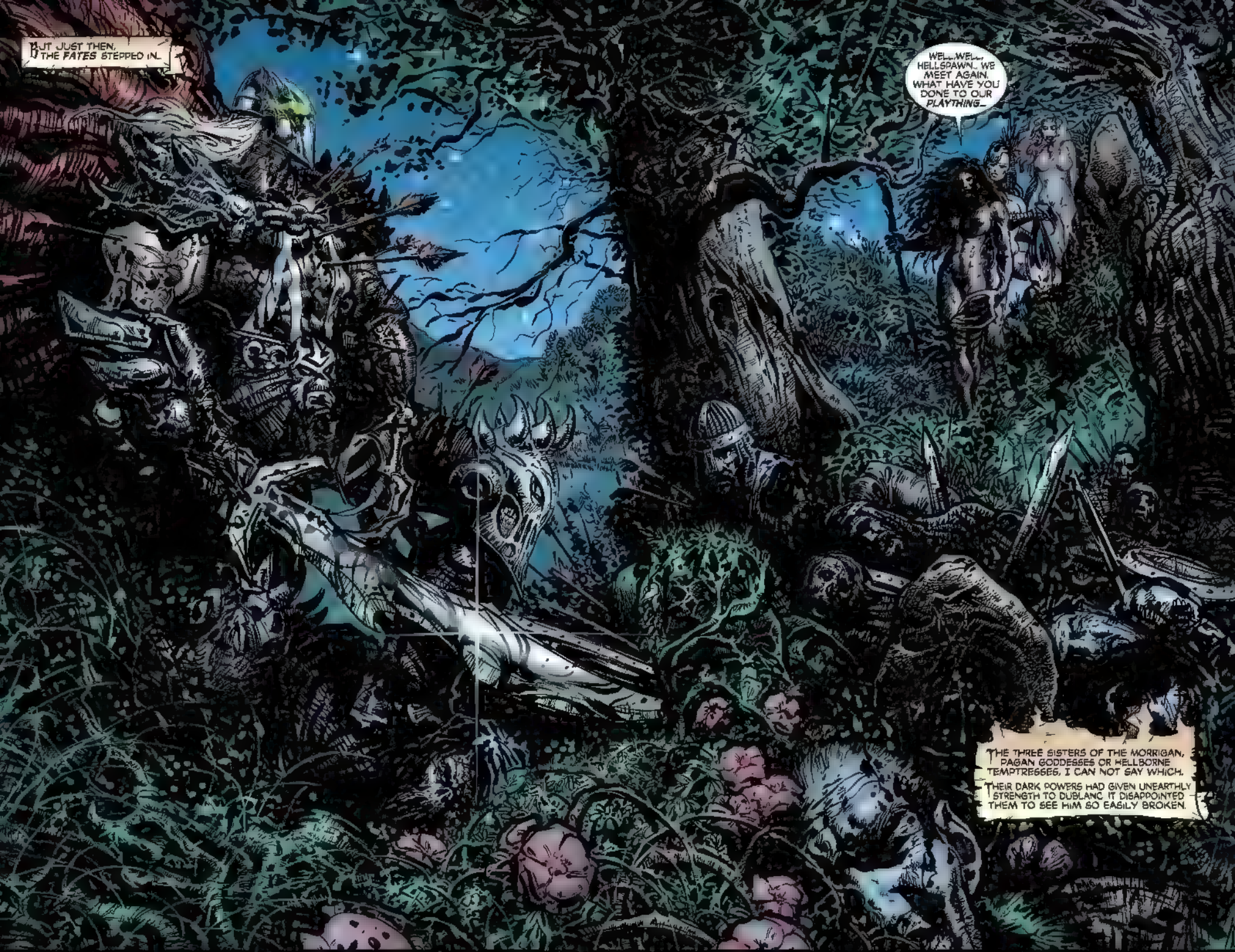
PICTURE IN YOUR MIND THE EVENTS OF THAT DAY. ON THAT MORNING, BLOOD RAN LIKE WINE THROUGH MUDDY TRENCHES.
THE CLANG OF SWORD AGAINST SHIELD, THE THUNDER OF HOOVES ON THE COLD EARTH, ECHOED FOR MILES.
DUBLANC WAS MERCILESS, CUTTING DOWN MAN AND CHILD ALIKE. BUT THE RAG-TAG REBELS NEVER WAVERED. BETTER TO DIE FREE MEN THAN LIVE AS SLAVES.
BUT AMID THE CHAOS OF WAR, THERE WAS BUT ONE MAN WHOM DUBLANC SOUGHT...
ONE MAN WHOM HE WOULD MAKE PAY FOR HIS *TRESPASSES.*

THE TWO MEN CLASHED, LIKE THE TITANS OF OLD. BOTH SPURRED BY POWERS BEYOND THIS MORTAL FRAME.
FOR COVENANT, THE HEAT OF BATTLE WAS A WELCOME GIFT. BAPTIZED IN THE BLOOD OF COMBAT, HE FELT REBORN...
HE FELT LIKE A MAN AGAIN. TO PLANT ONE'S FEET STEADY ON GOD'S FIRM EARTH, AND FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT...

YEEAAGH!
BUT DUBLANC WAGED WAR IN A FAR DARKER HUMOR. TO HIM, THIS BATTLE WAS A GRIM AFFAIR.

His voice gravelly and coarse, Dublanc cursed his otherwordly opponent.
It was the hellspawn who butchered Dublanc's once handsome face, who had recast him in the shape of a beastly predator.
DIE!
Dublanc's heart burned with but one thought: REVENGE!

THE HELLSPAWN TOWERED OVER DUBLANC, TRIUMPHANT, HIS HULKING FRAME BLOCKING OUT THE SUN.
THE SWORD HOVERED IN THE AIR FOR A LONG MOMENT, READY TO DELIVER THE COUP DE GRACE...
GO ON THEN. FINISH IT...


BUT JUST THEN, THE FATES STEPPED IN.
WELL..WELL.. HELLSPAWN.. WE MEET AGAIN. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO OUR PLAYTHING..
THE THREE SISTERS OF THE MORRIGAN, PAGAN GODDESSES OR HELLBORNE TEMPTRESSES, I CAN NOT SAY WHICH.
THEIR DARK POWERS HAD GIVEN UNEARTHLY STRENGTH TO DUBLANC. IT DISAPPOINTED THEM TO SEE HIM SO EASILY BROKEN.

Read more FREE comics on ReadComicOnline

A MOMENT'S DISTRACTION... BUT DUBLANC TOOK FULL ADVANTAGE OF IT.
MAY THE DEVILS DRAG YOU BACK TO HELL!
UGGHN!
SIR, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
LET HIM GO...

Read more FREE comics on ReadComicOnline

IT'S OVER.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?
LORD COVENANT, I AM AN ENVOY FROM BARON RIVALEN'S CAMP. HE HUMBLY REQUESTS AN AUDIENCE WITH YOU.
AYE. GO FETCH HIM.

WAS IT WORTH IT? WAS ALL THIS DEATH WORTH YOUR CHESTS FULL OF TAXES?
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I DID IT FOR *HER*. SHE WAS DYING.
NO PHYSIC IN MY COURT COULD EASE HER PAIN. AND SO I MADE A BARGAIN. THE *THREE SISTERS*, THEY SOUGHT A TRIBUTE. YOUR MOTHER'S CROSS...
I DID IT ALL FOR HER... AND I WOULD DO IT AGAIN. BUT 'TWAS ALL FOR NAUGHT. FOR ALL THIS, SHE *DIED* BUT TWO NIGHTS AGO...
DIED? WHO?
ELOISE. MY WIFE... YOUR *SISTER*...

Read more FREE comics on ReadComicOnline

A DARK GLOOM DESCENDED UP THE HELLSPAWN.
LISTEN TO THEM. THEIR SHOUTS AND REVELS. DO THEY NOT SEE?
I THOUGHT THIS MATTERED ONCE, BUT I SEE NOW IT IS ALL FOLLY...
THERE IS NO GLORY HERE. NO VICTORY. I WAGER THAT THIS PATHETIC PATCH OF LAND WILL BE WON AND LOST A THOUSAND TIMES OVER, ERE KINGDOM COME.
BEST TO LEAVE IT BEHIND, THEN. THAT LIFE IS LOST TO YOU NOW.
I STOLE THE TRINKET YOU KNOW.
EH?

THE CROSS. IT BELONGED TO MY MOTHER. I GAVE IT TO SHIANN BEFORE I LEFT.
THEY TELL ME SHE DIED IN CHILDBIRTH. I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW SHE WAS...
I WOULDN'T HAVE LEFT HER HAD I KNOWN.
WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE? MARRIED HER? SHE WAS HANDMAIDEN... A PEASANT... NO MATTER.
AS I HAVE SAID, THAT LIFE IS LOST TO YOU NOW.

COME. YOU HAVE MUCH TO LEARN ABOUT YOUR NEW LIFE...
NO.
WHAT?
NO. I LEAVE HERE ALONE. WHATEVER PATH I FOLLOW, IT MUST BE MY OWN. I'VE HAD MY FILL OF FOOLISH CRUSADES.
AND SO IT WAS THAT LORD COVENANT LEFT RHYLL, TO SEEK HIS FATE IN THE GREAT WORLD.
"BUT, HOLD, STORYTELLER. WHAT BECAME OF THE TRINKET?"

AH... THE RELIC OF THE TRUE CROSS...
I SHALL SAY ONLY THIS: THAT THE OLD MAN, COG, HAD SEEN TO IT THAT IT WAS PASSED ON TO IT'S RIGHTFUL HEIR.

BUT THAT, DEAR FRIENDS, IS A TALE TO BE TOLD BY A DIFFERENT FIRE.
I BID THEE, GOOD NIGHT.
Next Black Knight
Crimson Shadows

Darkness